

## BOYLE'S STENOGRAPHS.

Samples of East River Water Laden with Standard Gas Refuse Chemicals.

Graphic Description of People's Sufferings from Foul Odors.

They Are Not Used to It Yet, Says the Gas Works Superintendent.

People who live within range of the unwholesome odors and stenches originating in the works of the Standard Gaslight Company at the foot of East One Hundred and Fifteenth street are delighted to learn that THE EVENING WORLD has taken up the cudgels in their behalf.

Mr. Rosenheimer, of the London Needle Company, is the most active of the leaders of the movement for abatement of the nuisance.

Mr. Rosenheimer and several of his neighbors, with whom a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD talked, say that the smells are worst when the wind is in the east and south and on damp, muggy days. Then the fumes from the gas retorts and generators and from the oil and sludge-soaked ground surrounding the gas-house seem to settle down like a blanket over the whole district, extending between One Hundred and Twenty-first and One Hundred and Twenty-third streets, away over to Third avenue. The air becomes so thick that some people have suggested that it be cut up in chunks and carried off in garbage carts.

The odors are strongest at low tide, and the water in the river is frequently covered with a thick scum, from which an overpowering and almost suffocating smell arises.

Mr. Rosenheimer has a collection of specimens of East River water, gathered at various times during the past month, which he keeps in bottles tightly corked up. He dipped the water up himself from the dock at the foot of East One Hundred and Sixteenth street.

In some of the bottles the scum was a quarter of an inch thick and of a seal-brown tint. A whiff from one of these bottles is strong and pungent.

Mr. Rosenheimer says that a pipe runs from the gas company's waste tank into the river and discharges into it. He says that the pipe often gets the dirty stuff bubbling up to the surface of the river, opposite the place where the tank is located.

Three-quarters of all the smell in the neighborhood, he declares, comes from this discharge into the river of the black water, both at flood and ebb tide, when the current is not swift enough to carry it away. This mass of filthy water floats about between the spires of the docks and plasters itself over everything.

Everything along the river front, he says, is saturated with the vile-smelling chemicals. Many other residents in the neighborhood corroborated Mr. Rosenheimer's statements in every particular.

Superintendent Weeks, of the Gas Company, told the reporter he thought the people of the neighborhood were doing the company's good neighborly in making such reports, but that the company would not be expected to carry the gas business to be carried on without some smell, but the gas-houses must go somewhere.

The trouble is that the people up here have not got used to it. The company was not manufacturing coke or rose water, but it was manufacturing gas, and it was bound to get rid of the waste and coal tar, as well as the gas, and it was bound to get rid of it somewhere.

Does the company run its waste and sludge into the river? queried the reporter. "Yes," he replied. "We don't do it if we wanted to, for there is an inspector of the Health Board watching us night and day. Besides, we don't want to violate the law, and not a bit of waste has been run into the river for two years."

"How about the tank?" he asked. "That is where we run the water that is used to wash out the generators. The oil collects on top and we use it for fuel. A pipe runs from the bottom to the river, through which we let out the water. It is not the water impregnated with the smell of the oil."

"Perhaps it is, but it is carried off by the tide. I am now trying to devise some means of getting rid of it more effectively."

At the board of health it was learned that the sanitary superintendent was investigating the complaint of the citizens, but that the inspectors of the works had not yet completed their reports.

## GRIEF DROVE HER TO SUICIDE.

Roundsman Brennan's Wife Turns on the Gas and Dies in Her Bathroom.

Her Mind Unhinged by Illness and the Loss of Her Baby.

Elizabeth Brennan, the pretty twenty-four-year-old wife of Dennis J. Brennan, of the Eldridge street station, committed suicide early this morning by turning on the gas in the bathroom of her flat, at 108 East Ninety-sixth street. Her lifeless body was found by her husband on his return from night duty, a few minutes before 7 o'clock this morning.

The narrow little room was filled with gas, and her rigid, stiffened limbs denoted that she had been dead several hours.

The unfortunate young woman for several weeks had been very ill from heart failure and insomnia, resulting from grief at the loss of a baby boy a month ago. Her mental distress had been increased by an accident which caused the loss of an eye by one of her children.

She had been attended by Dr. McCracken, of 308 East Eighty-ninth street, and Sunday morning she was taken to the hospital at the Catholic Church. She had apparently grown better, however, and last night, with her husband and some friends in the house, she had been to bed at 11 o'clock.

When Brennan reached home this morning he could not find his wife. His two children, a boy three years old and a girl five, were asleep. The smell of escaping gas caused him to go to the bathroom, and opening the door, he saw his wife.

Walking the servant girl he rushed out, for Dr. Pearson, a few doors away, but the latter found that life had been extinct for some time.

Investigation showed that she must have been delirious at the time she left her bed. A note of farewell that she left addressed to her husband, indicated that she had left her bed about a clock, dressed herself in the bathroom, and turned on the gas.

Roundsman Brennan then went down to the East Eighty-eighth street station and reported what had happened. The coroner was notified, but had not put in appearance as yet.

Friends and relatives of the dead woman said this morning that Brennan and his wife had lived very happily together. They had been married six years, and their home was a model of taste and happiness.

It was said that during her illness Mrs. Brennan had attended to several occasions to end her life by jumping out of the window, but was prevented.

Ten Years for Starving Poor Beekman.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) ELIZABETH N. J. June 20.—Samuel Beekman, colored, and Jerry Wiley, his white housekeeper, for ten years today, for causing the death of Pearl Beekman, a six-year-old daughter of Beekman, by starving and beating her.

## THREE GIRLS DEAD.

All Asphyxiated by Gas in a Harlem Boarding-House Bedroom.

Windows Closed and Gas Left on at Full Head.

They Were Domestic and Had Been Dead for Hours When Found.

Three young women, domestics in the boarding-house kept by Otto Gebhardt, at 10 East Eighty-sixth street, were found dead in their beds this morning.

They had been smothered by gas, the single burner in the room having been left turned on during the entire night.

Their names are: JESSIE GROSSMAN, twenty-two years old, a Hungarian girl, who had been employed as a nurse in the house for the last four years.

KATIE KEENE, seventeen years old, a colored girl, who had been employed as a chambermaid in the house for the last four years.

The two latter were Irish girls, who were chambermaids.

Katie had lived with the Gebhardts for two years, but Agnes Sears had only recently arrived in the country.

The girls all slept in a little hall-room on the attic floor, scarcely large enough to hold the two beds which they occupied.

They went to bed last night about 12 o'clock, Jennie and Katie going first.

At 7:30 o'clock this morning it was remarked by some of the other girls in the kitchen that it was very strange that neither of them had yet appeared, for it was their usual custom to get at their work early in the morning.

It was believed that they must have overslept, and Anne Threlk, a nurse, to someone of the bodies of the three girls in the kitchen. When she reached the top door she smelled the odor of the gas, and when she opened the door of the little hall room the gas rolled out in a dense volume that nearly strangled her.

The window was tightly closed, and when Anne saw the bodies of her three companions lying upon the beds, their faces purple from the effects of asphyxiation, she gave a scream that aroused the whole household.

In a few minutes there was a tremendous commotion, and the women in the house were almost panic-stricken when they heard what had happened.

A boarder went into the rooms and turned off the gas and opened the window. All attempts to rouse the three girls were useless. They had apparently all been dead for several hours, for their bodies were cold.

Benjamin Bernstein, a boarder, notified Policeman Nicholas, and then brought Dr. McGregor, a neighboring physician to the house.

He examined the bodies and pronounced Katie Keefe and Agnes Sears dead beyond a doubt.

The doctor labored for some time, but was not able to discover any signs of life.

There was some uncertainty about Jennie Grossman, the cook, who was the most robust of the three, and she was taken into an adjoining room.

The three bodies lay on the upper floor of the boarding-house all the morning, awaiting the appearance of the coroner, who had been summoned by the police.

That of Jennie Grossman, the cook, was in the room adjoining the little hall sleeping room, and that of Katie and Agnes, pretty girls with brown hair and eyes, in the room where they were found.

The latter had slept together in the bed furthest from the door, the headboard of which was shoved up close against the window.

The burner from which the gas was escaping projected from the wall only two feet above where the body of Agnes was found lying.

Jennie Grossman slept alone in the other bed, near the door.

It is believed that in going to bed Agnes, who was last being moved, had turned the gas on, and that the unfortunate girls had not died without a struggle.

The body of Agnes was lying flat across that of her bed fellow, apparently indicating that she was trying to get out of bed when the gas overpowered her.

No one occupied the adjoining room, and the smell of the gas was not detected until Anne Threlk went upstairs to wake the girls.

It is said that Jennie Grossman and Katie Keefe have relations living in this city who are not far as can be learned, Agnes Sears has no friends or relatives in town.

## FELL ON THE BRIDGE STAIRS.

Ellen Crowe, of 70 High street, Brooklyn, one of the thousands who come over the big bridge every morning to their employment, tripped and fell down the stairs leading from the platform at the New York end of a little after 6 o'clock this morning.

Miss Crowe sustained a serious head wound, and was taken unconscious into the ladies' waiting-room. An ambulance was summoned, but Dr. E. T. Jones, of Brooklyn, who was passing, ministered to the young woman, and took her to her home in a cab.

The occurrence gathered a crowd of 500 people.

Small, but Adroit Thief.

Fifteen-year-old Jacob Cohen, errand boy at Cuba's dry-goods store, 27 Fulton street, was today held for trial at the Tombs Court. He was caught carrying away cloth wound round him under his jacket.

Root Beer in five minutes with Knapp's ROOT BEER EXTRACT.

Ten Years for Starving Poor Beekman.

## DID HE GIVE \$95,000?

Nobody's Business What Rev. Simpson Got, Says Aged Mr. Battin.

In the Berachah Home, but Denies He Is a Faith Curist.

His Children Say He Is Being Wheeled Out of His Fortune.

Joseph Battin, a stalwart old man of eighty-one years, whose head is thatched with snow-white hair, is sitting at the Berachah Home, Forty-fourth street and Eighth avenue.

His children claim that the old gentleman is being wheeled out of the fortune that he has amassed during an active life by the influence of the Christian Alliance people, who conduct the home.

It is said that recently Mr. Battin deeded to Rev. Albert H. Simpson, President of the Christian Alliance and pastor of the Gospel Tabernacle, a plot of ground in Elizabeth, N. J., worth \$25,000, on which a tabernacle is to be erected. It is said, also, that the octogenarian has given the leader of the Alliance in New York \$70,000 besides; that he has been led into the fold of the faith curists and believes that he can cure the sick by the laying on of hands.

The Berachah Home is a five-story brick building, with a frontage of fifty feet. It is connected with the Gospel Tabernacle just around the corner in Eighth avenue and the theological college college building.

An Evening World reporter, calling at the Berachah Home this morning, met Joseph Battin in the lobby. The white-haired old gentleman carried a flexible-covered "Teachers' Bible" in his hand. He had been leading the usual morning prayers, and a score of elderly and middle-aged people were leaving the home.

Mr. Battin peered at the reporter through gold-rimmed spectacles and said:

"It is true that a little more than a year ago I deeded some property to the Rev. Mr. Simpson, but I do not think so much of it. I provided money for my six children, but I do not think so much of it. I considered it sufficient. It is not true, so far as I know, that they are greedy or that they are unkindly to me."

"My children are S. S. and James M. Battin, of Newark; Benjamin Battin, of Jersey City; Lambert Battin, and the widow Mrs. H. E. Barrows, of Elizabeth; and Mary C. the wife of John W. French, of Brooklyn."

"Now, I do not believe that I can cure by the laying on of hands, but I do believe—I know—I was cured of various ailments by my own faith in the Divine Healer without the intervention of medicine or treatment by human hands."

"I was a Baptist. I am a Baptist yet. I deeded some property to the Rev. Mr. Simpson in 1889, and I am now in charge of the Christian Alliance in this city. I am a Baptist, but I am a Baptist yet."

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## THEIR DAY OF JOY.

More Than 10,000 Happy Little Ones at Madison Square Garden.

"The World's" Free Strawberry Festival for Poor Children.

The Most Remarkable Audience the Great Gilmore Ever Faced.

More than 10,000 of the poor children of this big city awoke this morning with the thought:

"This is the day of THE WORLD'S strawberry festival."

Then they got out of their little beds, hurriedly washed their faces and hands and began to get ready for the great event. Breakfast was of no account to them this morning.

Their minds were filled with anticipation of the pleasures promised them this afternoon, and it was as much a task for them to eat as it is on bright May mornings to go to school.

Never did they hurry through the meal so quickly. Mamma as it may have been. It was more than enough for the tots, whose only thought was the festival to which they had been invited by THE WORLD, the people's paper.

Bearing in mind the injunction to come with hands and faces clean, even though shoes and having little else to wear than a single slip, the girls again performed their ablutions; the boys—well, they were boys.

My, but didn't the hours of the morning drag! Was a day ever so long?

But all things come to an end, and so it was with their waiting. Finally those who waited for their parents' permission to start were allowed to depart on their happy way. The many who didn't wait for permission were already there.

Such a crowd of children as was gathered at noon today in the neighborhood of the Madison Square garden never before was seen massed in a like area.

To the stranger who asked what was the magnet that drew this great gathering of little ones, the reply that THE WORLD was to give a free strawberry festival in the big Garden was the answer. The children of the city, and the city itself, were the magnet.

Moreover, the only Patrick's Day festival in the city, and his unapproachable land made to entertain them with the delightful music that they heard so well known to produce, was sufficient to draw the powers of such a magnet to no further elucidation.

More than 10,000 children had been taken by THE WORLD, but they did not by any means represent the number of tots that had come—there were thousands of others who hoped by some happy chance to secure admission to the feast.

They were of all sorts and sizes, from five to fourteen years of age—and their attire was as varied as their faces, which shone with soap and friction. There were nearly dressed little ones, whose clothing was poor but clean. There were those who wore but little more than enough to cover their nakedness.

Hundreds were seen with their faces and hands all were as happy as only such children can be.

Capt. Kelly was there with near 100 picked policemen. Battans were carried inside of gently, but it was a good-natured crowd, and the hardest duty of the officers was to withstand the temptation of the large crowd.

The line was formed in Madison avenue, beginning at the broad lobby's entrance, extending around through Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets into Fourth avenue, and ending in a mass of youngsters, all struggling to get in.

The boys formed one line and girls the other.

When the doors were opened at 12:30 a great cheer arose which rang like an echo along the length of the line and was taken up by the tail-enders and sent back again with shrill hurrahs.

In they marched, two by two, holding fast their pink and white tickets, and with a desperate robber could have been the big police, men guiding and keeping the hurrying line within bounds.

It was a remarkable sight and one that made even the envious loungers face light up with such a beam of amused pleasure as it had had since the morning of the day before.

Such curiosity had drawn to watch the novel procession enter what was to the processionists a palace of delight.

As the little ones passed the gates they were directed right and left to the galleries, where they were sittingly seated, and a required skill to seat such a gathering. There began a chatter and clatter that even the dog show could not equal.

There was so much to surprise and call forth exclamations of wonder and delight that it was impossible to still the wagging tongues.

Long before these tiny guests had arrived THE WORLD's force had been at work preparing for their reception. Hamper of berries, cans of cream, a barrel of powdered sugar, and 140 boxes of cakes had been delivered at the stage entrance.

There were 3,000 quarters of ice cream, and Horton, the manufacturer, had promised to be prepared to supply any deficiency upon receipt of telephone order.

Long tables were set in the galleries, spread with snowy damask, and at intervals of ten inches a Japanese napkin and a new spoon.

There were 250 on each table.

But more attractive still were the waiters' tables in the balconies. There were piled the luscious strawberries, the pretty colored cakes and alongside were the big cans of cream—they did not look so nice, but every boy and girl knew that what was inside of them was nice, and their mouths watered in anticipation.

You people to whom Gilmore and ice-cream and strawberries and cakes are no novelty can not realize the joy that filled the hearts of these thousands of little boys and girls.

Of course there were shouts of "Hey, cummy, where are yer?" and "Ain't this bully?" and the like, but it only added to the real interest of the occasion, for this was a festival

"Dinner for Two. Appetite for One!"

Said a dyspeptic to the waiter, ordering for self and friend. And suppose he had had an appetite, to gratify it. Of the horrible pangs that even a little meal causes the confirmed victim of indigestion. Purgatory on earth—no less. Altogether unnecessary, however, when one systematically, a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, so unfortunately with refractory stomachs. In saying this we merely seek the recorded experience of thousands who have used the great household remedy to their lasting benefit. For the function of a sluggish liver, and for tardy or irregular action of the bowels, Hostetter's Bitters is the only remedy. This fine regulator is equally efficient. Malaria, constipation, kidney trouble, rheumatism, and neuralgia depart when a resort is had to the Bitters.

## PAIN KILLER.

One teaspoonful of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.

In a little sweetened water or milk (hot if convenient), will immediately relieve any case of

DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, SUMMER COMPLAINT or DIARRHŒA.

If taken in time, one dose generally does the business; otherwise repeat at short intervals, and a speedy cure will follow. PAIN KILLER is equally effective in killing pain from

Cuts, Bruises, Bites, and Burns, and no prudent person should fail to keep it by him.

At all medicine dealers. BUY NOW.

for the children of the people, and too much circumspection would be unnatural.

At 1 o'clock the boys were enlisted by a drum corps as a forerunner of the music to follow, the great Gilmore's concert beginning with "The World's" Strawberry Festival.

The big Garden had been all freshened up for this occasion, and the thousands of other people who bought seats and boxes to enjoy the children's delight and listen to the incomparable Gilmore's concert have a unique entertainment in prospect.

Following is the programme for the concert by Gilmore and his 100 musicians:

1. Overture, "The World's Strawberry Festival." 2. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 3. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 4. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 5. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 6. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 7. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 8. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 9. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 10. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 11. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 12. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 13. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 14. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 15. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 16. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 17. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 18. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 19. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 20. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 21. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 22. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 23. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 24. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 25. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 26. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 27. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 28. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 29. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 30. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 31. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 32. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 33. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 34. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 35. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 36. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 37. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 38. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 39. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 40. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 41. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 42. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 43. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 44. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 45. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 46. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 47. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 48. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 49. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 50. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 51. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 52. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 53. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 54. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 55. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 56. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 57. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 58. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 59. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 60. "The World's Strawberry Festival." 61. "The World's Strawberry Festival